

Magazine Feature Section

PSYCHOLOGY OF GREAT PITCHERS

Some Hurlers Are Destined to Make Good But Until They Find Their "Berth" the N. G. Sign Is Hung On Them—Here's Where the Manager Must Show His Capacity For Hair-Line Judgement

By way of introducing Carl Woolworth Wellman, who needs an introduction, more or less, inasmuch as he is identified with the St. Louis Browns, a team which is never "up there" where the strong white light of publicity beats incessantly, it may be said that Carl is one of 53 pitchers—at the current writing—who is making a living by pitching baseball in the American league.

In addition to being left-handed and 6 feet 5½ inches in height—he is the tallest pitcher in organized baseball and has but two rivals for height out of it in Fred Falkenberg and Myles Main—Mr. Wellman this season offers one of the big psychological studies of baseball.

Up to June 27 he had defeated the Detroit Tigers in six attempts out of seven trials.

Imagine what this means.

There are 53 pitchers in the American league all of whom, save those with Detroit, have an undying desire to defeat the Detroit Tigers, accounted by pitchers one of the hardest clubs in the business to defeat.

Up to June 27 the Tigers had lost but 26 games and so almost one-fourth of these games had been dropped to one pitcher; one pitcher among 53, as it were. And this pitcher had won but nine games in all.

If Mr. Wellman is not legitimately entitled the nom de ball "Tiger Tamer" no pitcher in the business is.

Strange how pitchers come to have it "on" certain clubs. Wellman who can beat Detroit by merely flinging his glove in the box, as baseball jargon goes, can't get by five innings with the Cleveland Indians, a team that is rated much inferior to Detroit so far as hitting ability goes.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF IT.

There is, of course, psychology to this. Wellman has nothing greatly in excess of other left handers in the American league, if anything. In truth there are left handed pitchers who lead him in the pitching averages.

Yet in the three years he has been in the American league he has repeatedly made "suckers" out of Cobb, Crawford and the famous Tigertown wrecking crew until now when he steps into the box he has them half beaten.

But he merely has to go across the lake a few miles to Cleveland to utterly explode before the comparatively harmless Indians.

There is no disputing the psychology in this. Coveleskie, a big Pole with the Philadelphia Nationals had it "on" the New York Giants when he was a National leaguer. He had it "on" them so hard that he beat them once, three times in one week toward the tag end of the season and these three games cost the Giants the pennant and gave Coveleskie—who is now with the Detroit Tigers—the name of "Giant Killer," which still clings to him.

Yet Coveleskie did nothing more than Wellman did to the Tigers during the week of June 20-26, inclusive. On June 20, Wellman defeated the Tigers 1 to 0 and gave them four hits. On June 22 he took a 15-inning decision over them 13 to 9. He began pitching in the eighth inning and during the remainder of the game, the Tigers, who had been "murdering" other pitching Manager Rickey had offered, could make but five hits off Wellman.

"DEATH VALLEY" SCOTT.

On Saturday, June 26, Wellman came back and allowed the Tigers 6 hits and beat them 7 to 2. He had them shut out for eight innings and then with the game easily won he relaxed and let the Jungaleers have two runs.

Six out of seven is an astonishing record from a club of whom it was said no pitcher had it "on" up to the advent of Wellman in the American league.

But Wellman certainly has it "on" them hard enough for all the pitchers.

It always was said that "Death Valley" Jim Scott merely had to throw his glove onto the pitching

ground to defeat the St. Louis Browns. Likewise Bob Harmon of the Pittsburgh club always has been a thorn in the side of the New York Giants.

McGraw tried his level best to land Harmon in a trade two years ago.

"I have won six games before the season opens if I can get him," McGraw said at the time. "And this makes a difference of 12 games in the percentage column, for we always can count on Harmon beating us a half dozen times a year."

Yet Harmon offers no insuperable pitching "stuff" to other teams.

Al Demaree, the pitching-cartoonist, when with the Giants, always was "saved" for Pittsburgh. He sel-

dom missed winning when he pitched against them. George Tyler in 1914 could beat the St. Louis Cardinals, no matter how well the opposition pitcher worked.

Most pitchers do work better against certain clubs than others. If a pitcher "breaks into the league" beating one team he may be counted upon to have that club more or less on his staff for his tenure in the big ring. Wellman's first American league victory in 1912 was over the Detroit Tigers.

The other day in Chicago as "Hambone" Hyatt of the St. Louis Cardinals slid into the home plate Roger Bresnahan, manager and catcher of the Cubs, slapped the ball on his head. Hyatt had slid head foremost.

"You——" he roared Hyatt as he

jumped to his feet and made for Bresnahan.

"Why, Ham, what's the matter?" asked Bresnahan solicitously.

"If you ever touch me on the head again I'll murder you," growled Hyatt.

"And I thought I was doing you a favor," said Bresnahan as he slipped behind the umpire. "Hitting you where it would hurt least!"

Yet some fans thought Hyatt was quick-tempered.

A new counter-attraction to baseball is now being offered in Chicago and Detroit where mammoth motor speedways have been built.

The ubiquitous automobile has put a crimp into baseball in more than one way. Some fans who made it a point to see a ball game every Sunday of each week, with the general improvement in roads, now

are motoring on the Sabbath. And the big speedways with their holid-ay cards take thousands away from the baseball turnstile.

The automobile and golf and tennis have deducted thousands in revenue from the baseball box-office in the past few years and promise to take away even more in the future.

Sport Sparks

It is getting to be an old story, the frequency with which Ad Wolgast, the Cadillac assassin, is calling off bouts of late. If the former lightweight champion persists in his present tactics, he will be given the gate for keeps by many of the legitimate boxing clubs throughout the country. And Wolgast has nobody but himself to blame. If he is not in fit condition to take on a bout he never should sign up for

such a contest. It will be recalled that Wolgast was scheduled to meet Gil Gallant not so long ago at the local club, but somebody got to Wolgast. Ad got sick or his feet cold, but at any rate he refused to go through with his end of the bout. Now comes the report from Denver that Wolgast has called off his contest with Young Steve Ketchel.

If some of the boxing promoters would insist on Wolgast putting up a suitable forfeit when signing for a bout, perhaps the little "bearcat" would take better care of his health and be ready to fight when scheduled to do so.

REISLER IS AN UNLUCKY CHAP.

John Reisler, who used to devote himself exclusively to barbering New York's elite and who later branched off into the pug managing game, seems to be an unlucky indi-

vidual. John guided the destinies of Willie Beecher for a considerable period. He yearned to match Willie with Freddie Walsh. He got his chance—on 24 hours' notice.

Beecher, many pounds overweight and out of condition, was called on to substitute for Charley White in New York during the winter. Beecher was game. He accepted the bout and battled Welch for 10 rounds, but he was in such poor shape that Welch shaded him by a mile.

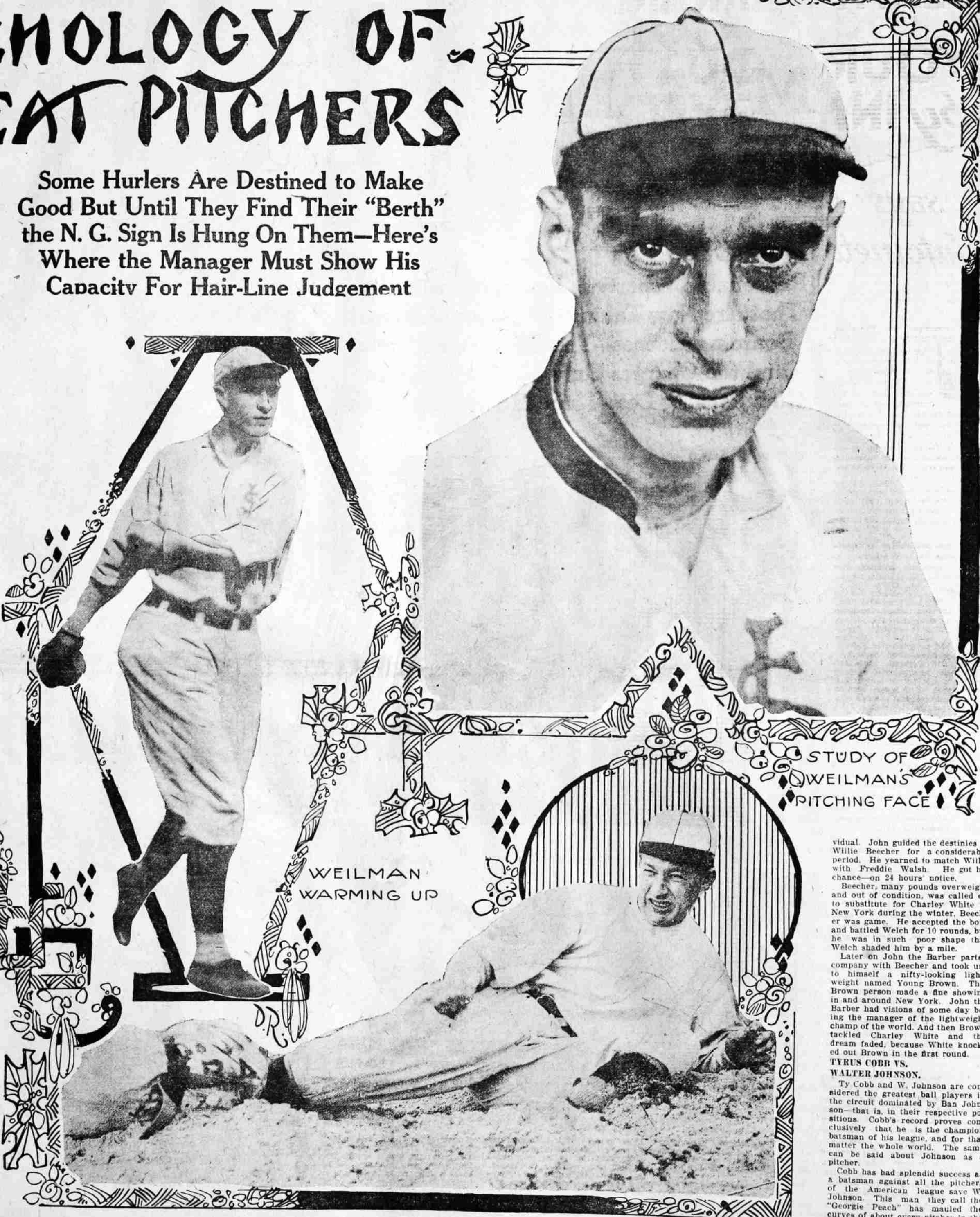
Later on John the Barber parted company with Beecher and took up to himself a nifty-looking lightweight named Young Brown. This Brown person made a fine showing in and around New York. John the Barber had visions of some day being the manager of the lightweight champ of the world. And then Brown tackled Charley White and the dream faded, because White knocked out Brown in the first round.

TYRUS COBB VS. WALTER JOHNSON.

Ty Cobb and W. Johnson are considered the greatest ball players in the circuit dominated by Ban Johnson—that is, in their respective positions. Cobb's record proves conclusively that he is the champion batsman of his league, and for that matter the whole world. The same can be said about Johnson as a pitcher.

Cobb has had splendid success as a batsman against all the pitchers of the American league save W. Johnson. This man they call the "Georgie Peach" has mauled the curves of about every pitcher in the league, slammed them almost at will. He has fattened his batting average off the pitching of that mighty red man from the far-off Minnesota—Chief Bender—and hit the terrific cross-fire of the great Edward Plank. The foxy Plank has been a sore puzzle to the most expert of left-handed batmen of the American league, but he failed to puzzle the great Cobb.

Just one pitcher has held the whip-hand over this demon batsman—only one. When this tall lad known as the "Idaho Wonder" began operations against Ty Cobb back in August of 1907, as was his very first time in the big league was against the Detroit Tigers and Ty Cobb. In three times at bat Cobb failed to make a hit, in fact, Johnson only allowed the lad from Georgia four hits in the first 24 times at bat. This was rather discouraging to the gentleman from Royston, Ga., and he has had a rather discouraging time of it ever since. For Johnson has been a hard proposition for Cobb to solve.



WEILMAN WARMING UP

ARTHUR BUTLER SLIDING INTO SECOND BASE